I say *Somerset* is more worthy then *Yorke*.

Yorke, Ile tell thee *Suffolke* why I am not worthy,
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthy deeds that *Yorke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honoured heere.

Suf. Peace head-strong *Warwicke*.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suf. Because heere is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your Grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master of high Treason, and his wordes were these: That the Duke of *Yorke* was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your Grace was an vsurper.

Yorke. I beseech your Grace let him haue what punnishment the Law will affoord for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Arm. An't shall please your worship, I neuer sayde any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsely accused by this villen heere.

Peter. Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke. I beseech your Grace, let him haue the Law.

Armorer, Alas master, hang me if euer I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he wuuld be euen with mee: I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your worship do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

King. Vncle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Hum. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to try each others right or wrong,
With *Eben* staues and Sandbags, combatting
In Smithfield, before your royall Maiesty. *Exit Humfrey.*

Armour. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter